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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

TWENTY-EIGHT

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The BOYS™

TWENTY-EIGHT

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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ABSOLUTELY NOT.

COMPLETELY OUT OF THE QUESTION.

THE PROCESS SIMPLY DOESN'T WORK, NOR IS IT EVER LIKELY TO. WHICH IS THE CONCLUSION DRAWN BY THE TEAM THEMSELVES, INCIDENTALLY, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU IN PARTICULAR WOULD NEED CORROBORATION FROM ANYONE...

I JUST WANT HER BACK.

YES, BUT NOT LIKE THAT, SURELY?

MAYBE THE TEAM NEED TO TRY HARDER. THE LAMPLIGHTER'S HARDLY AN IDEAL SUBJECT, HE HAD PART OF HIS BRAIN SHOT AWAY...

I'D VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU LEARNED THAT PARTICULAR--

AIN'T NO ESCAPE FROM CAT O'MITE, BUB!

WHAT WAS THAT?

ARE YOU--

HRRRM.

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ARE YOU TRAINING UP ANOTHER PRE-WIZ?

AS FAR AS I'M AWARE, I DON'T ACTUALLY ANSWER TO YOU.

NO...YOU DON'T.

THAT'S VERY TRUE.

BUT I THOUGHT WE'D AGREED THERE'D BE NO MORE--

I WANT HER BACK.

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WELL, I'M AFRAID THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE. ALL I CAN SUGGEST YOU DO IS BURY HER AND MOURN HER, AND MOVE ON.

I--

GOOD DAY.

CALL ENDED
3:56

BAGPIPE

JENNIFER, WHEN WAS THIS SENT UP?

AH, ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, SIR. JUST BEFORE LUNCH.

ТАЖ

YOU'RE FIRED.

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DING-DONG, THE BITCH IS DEAD...

SILVER KINCAID
1974 - 2007
FLYING LIKE THE PHOENIX

HEAVEN HAS ANOTHER ANGEL

WE GOTTA GO NOW

part six

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WHICH BITCH? THE STUPID BITCH...

DUDE, YOU ARE A FUCKIN' LIFESAVER.

IS THIS EVER GONNA END?

IT'S DOIN' MY FUCKIN' HEAD IN...

SWEAR TO GOD, I'D RATHER SHOVE A PENCIL UP MY COCK THAN LISTEN TO THIS SHIT.

HHHHHUGHIE...?

UH...

GET YOU THROUGH IT IN FINE STYLE, MY MAN.

WHO IN THE NAME OF GOD IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT ATROCITY?

I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES, BUT YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO NEED ONE...

WHAT DOES HE MEAN, *THOSE THAT FALL MIGHT RISE AGAIN?*

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DOES HE THINK WE WANT ANOTHER OF THESE AROUND THE PLACE...?

OH GOD, DON'T.

...AND IT SEEMS TO ME *IRONIC INDEED,* THAT OUR SILVER *G-ROSE* SHOULD BE BLOWN OUT LIKE A *CANDLE* IN THE *WIND*--AND YET SHALL *BURN FOREVER* IN OUR HEARTS, UNTOUCHED BY RAIN OR SNOW.

AND NOW I BELIEVE *KING HELMET* OF *G-STYLE* WOULD LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS...

AS SOON AS I UNTANGLE THAT LAST PART, I THINK I'M GOING TO PUKE MYSELF INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION...

YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHING YET.

HOMES.

YO-YO-YO-YO-YO, *WHAT UP?!*

I'M'A SPEAK FROM THE *HEART,* 'CAUSE THAT WHAT MY HOMEGIRL *SILVER KINCAID* WOULD *WANT,* YO!

SILVER, SHE WAS *FINE.* SHE WAS *TRUE.* SHE WAS A LADY A BROTHA COULD *RESPECT,* NOT NO *HO* GONNA GIVE IT UP JUST TO GET HER HANDS ON A NIGGA'S *GOLD,* KNOWUMSAYIN'?

NOW ME AN' SILVER, WE SHARED A *CONNECTION...*

SHE LOATHED THE GROUND YOU WALKED ON AND YOU MADE HER WANT TO JOIN THE KLAN...

NO SOONER DO THE GLOVES COME OFF, MM?

FUCK YOU, TURD-WORSHIPPER.

SHAAAAVED HER GENITALS!

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...SAME KINDA CONNECTION I SHARED WIT' MY HOMEBOY *2-KOOL*--KIND NO MUTHAFUCKIN' G-FOOLS SEND SOME ABORTION-LOOKIN' RINGA ROSES *EVER* UNDERSTAND...

HEY, *FUCK YOU,* MUTHAFUCKA--!

YOU GONNA START THAT SHIT *NOW?* YOU GOTS NO FUCKIN' *CLASS,* NIGGA!

OH, *PLEASE.* LOOKIT THAT GODDAMN THING, YOU G-COAST BITCHES GONNA HOLLA AT US 'BOUT *CLASS?*

I'M'A FUCK *ALLA YOU* NIGGAS UP--

JINGS... THEY'RE NO' AT IT AGAIN, ARE THEY...?

YOU KNOW THE FUCKED-UP PART, HUGHIE?

IS ONCE WE GRADUATE AN' THEY TAKE US OUTTA G-WIZ, I HAVE TO *JOIN* ONE OF THOSE TWO TEAMS OF FUCKIN' MORONS...

HONESTLY...?

I MEAN JESUS, I DON'T WANNA END UP LIKE THEM...!

I'M FROM-- I DUNNO *WHERE* I'M FROM, BUT THE THOUGHTA LEARNIN' TO TALK THAT *SHIT...*

YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE--

THAT IS GONNA FUCKIN' SUCK.

WHEN THEY SPLIT US UP FOR THE G-TEAMS AN' WE CAN'T BE BUDS NO MORE.

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HE'S WHAT?

LA FEMME SPOTTED HIM. A LA MEMORIAL, AVEC G-WIZ.

I TOLD HIM HE WAS OUT, WHAT THE FUCK'S HE--

OH, JESUS.

THE STUPID BASTARD'S SAVIN' STRIPPERS.

QUOI?

FRENCHIE, THE FIRST CHANCE YOU GET YOU GRAB HIM. WE DON'T WANNA TIP OUR HAND, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR CERTAIN IF THEY'VE RUMBLED HIM--BUT AS SOON AS HE'S ON HIS OWN YOU GRAB THE SILLY BLEEDER, ALL RIGHT?

BON.

YOU STILL THERE? SORRY, MATE, THAT WAS FRENCHIE ON THE OTHER LINE. HUGHIE'S GONE AN' DROPPED A BOLLOCK.

HOW BAD?

I DUNNO YET, I'M ON ME WAY UP THERE NOW. ONLY THING I'D SUGGEST IS YOU GIVE THE LEGEND A SHOUT, SEE IF HE CAN GET YOU THE PASSWORD.

THAT'S IF YOU THINK IT'S WORTH IT...

I GOT A REAL BAD FEELIN' IT WILL BE.

LATER.

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...I CALLED GODOLKIN BACK AND HE AGREED TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

NOT QUITE.

JUST LIKE THAT?

NO.

I'D HAVE THOUGHT A SECURITY BREACH OF THAT MAGNITUDE WOULD HAVE SPURRED HIM TO IMMEDIATE ACTION, BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO BE AS INFANTILE AS POSSIBLE. HE EVEN MENTIONED TAKING CAMPBELL ALIVE, SEEING WHO'D BE PREPARED TO PAY THE MOST FOR HIM.

I SAID THAT IF HE STOPPED PLAYING GAMES AND GOT ON WITH THINGS, WE'D RECONSIDER SILVER KINCAID AS A TEST SUBJECT FOR THE RESURRECTION PROCESS.

IS THIS GOING WHERE I THINK IT'S GOING?

YES.

THE VERY FACT THAT HE'D WANT THAT FOR HER--AFTER NUBIA--IS SIMPLY MORE EVIDENCE OF HIS MOUNTING INSTABILITY.

KINCAID'S SUICIDE, AND THIS INFILTRATION, AND ANOTHER PRE-WIZ--ANY ONE OF THESE STRAWS SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO SNAP THE CAMEL'S SPINE LIKE A TWIG...

I GET THE IDEA.

WHAT ABOUT CAMPBELL, AREN'T THERE LIKELY TO BE CONSEQUENCES FROM THAT?

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NONE THAT SHOULD AFFECT US DIRECTLY. THE SEVEN CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR WHAT THE G-MEN CHOOSE TO DO.

TO RETURN TO THE ISSUE AT HAND, I TRULY BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME TO ACT.

THE G-MEN, BY THEIR VERY NATURE--BOTH IN TERMS OF THEIR RECRUITMENT AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE BOUND TOGETHER--ARE AN ATOMIC REACTOR WAITING TO EXPLODE.

WHAT WE MIGHT FIND OURSELVES CLEANING UP WHEN THEY DO...DOES NOT BEAR THINKING ABOUT.

CONTAINMENT, WASN'T THAT WHAT YOU SAID?

YES.

HMM.

I'M THINKING ABOUT REVENUE...

WITH THE GREATEST POSSIBLE RESPECT, YOU SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT SURVIVAL.

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DON'T GIVE ME THAT *SHIT,* YOU GODDAMNED LITTLE *BALL-CRADLER*... YOU THINK *I'M* GONNA BELIEVE THE TOP DOG AT *VICTORY* DON'T GOT *ACCESS* NO MORE...?

WHO *COVERED* FOR YOU WHEN *LEAGUE TWO-THIRTY-THREE* SHIPPED WITH A *COCK* DRAWN ON *ELEMENT LASS?* WHO TALKED HALF THE INDUSTRY OUTTA *LYNCHIN' YOU,* WHEN YOU CAME TO THE *KING'S FUNERAL?*

THAT'S A LITTLE MORE LIKE IT. GOOD. RIGHT. *YEAH.*

FAGGOT.

OH-KAY...

SORRY ABOUT THE **DELAY,** BUDDY... TODAY'S MAGIC WORD IS **TOTENKOPF...**

GOT IT.

THEY BEEN *TIGHTENIN' UP,* SO YOU MIGHT ONLY HAVE ABOUT A **MINUTE...**

TAKE WHAT I CAN GET. SO LONG.

VA

GOOD *HUNTIN',* BIG GUY.

* * * * * * * * * *

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JESUS, I THOUGHT WE WERE NEVER GETTIN' OUTTA THERE...!

I MEAN G-COAST AN' G-STYLE ARE BAD ENOUGH, BUT YER MAN GODOLKIN--HOW MANY FUCKIN' SPEECHES DID HE END UP *MAKIN'*?

THANK CHRIST YOU GOT US OUT OF IT, RANDALL. WHAT'D YOU SAY TO HIM?

DUDE WITH NO NAME. SAID WE HAD TO CHANGE HIS PISS-BAG.

SERIOUSLY?

FUCK, FOR A GENIUS HE'S NO' ALL THAT BRIGHT, IS HE?

YEAH, WELL.

I GUESS YOU WOULD SAY THAT.

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WHY'RE WE...?

GET OUTTA THE CAR, HUGHIE.

BUT--

GET OUTTA THE FUCKIN' CAR.

FELLAS, WHAT'RE YOU--

WE KNOW.

YOU DON'T WANNA BE IN THE G-MEN.

YOU'RE SOME KINDA FUCKIN' SPY.

AW FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WAIT A MINUTE--!

WE TRUSTED YOU, DUDE.

WE THOUGHT--

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR FRIEND.

BUT MISTER GODOLKIN FOUND YOU OUT AN' NOW WE'RE GONNA--FUCKIN'--

DO WHAT WE GOTTA.

THAT'S ALL.

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RANDALL, DAAAHH!

DON'T FUCKIN' CALL ME RANDALL, DUDE!

IT'S BUZZCUT-- AAOOWW!

AAAWWWWWHH...!

AN' WE'RE FUCKIN' G-WIZ, OKAY?

FUCK--!

YOU WANNA SHIT ALL OVER THE G-MEN? THE DAY THEY'RE REMEMBERIN' THEIR COMRADE?

IS THAT WHAT WE MEAN TO YOU, ALL YOU WANNA DO IS FUCK US IN THE ASS?

WELL, WE ARE GONNA TAKE YOU DOWN, DUDE...

'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE G-MEN DO. THREATS FROM OUTSIDE, THREATS FROM INSIDE.

WE TAKE 'EM DOWN.

JESUS CHRIST, WILL YOU FUCKIN' LISTEN TO YERSELVES?

THAT'S NO' YOU TALKIN', THAT'S GODOLKIN! YOU'RE NO' THE G-MEN, YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH O' FUCKIN' KIDS!

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THAT LOT IN THERE, YOU'RE NO' LIKE THEM! THEY'RE ALL HEAD-THE-BALLS, THEY FUCKIN' HATE EACH OTHER--AN' YOU CAN'T STAND THEM EITHER, YOU HAD TO GET *HIGH* TO DEAL WI' THE BLOODY MEMORIAL!

I MEAN--
ARE YOUZ REALLY SURE YOUZ EVEN *WANNA* BE SUPES AT *ALL*...?

I MEAN LOOK AT YOU, YOU DON'T EVEN WANNA WEAR THE WANKY FUCKIN' OUTFITS UNLESS YOU HAVE TO! YOU *CHANGED* THE MINUTE YOU KNEW WE WERE GONNA LEAVE!

'CAUSE HONESTLY, FELLAS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

I DUNNO WHAT'S BEEN SAID OR WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU: BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY O' THIS.

OKAY, LET'S CUT THE HORSESHIT. KILL HIM.

LIKE... BEAT HIM...?

USE YOUR *FUCKIN'* POWERS!

UGGGKK

HERE--

UUGGGKKK

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GAALLSSHH

AAAAAH!

FUCK! SHIT!

OKAY, WHAT D'YOU NEED, A FUCKIN' INSTRUCTION MANUAL? *KILL HIM.*

RANDALL-- BLOWCHOWSKI-- *LISTEN* TO ME, FOR--

...AW NO.

FELLAS, I'M SO FUCKIN' SORRY...

WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T'VE TRIED TO *FUCK US,* ASSHOLE--!

THAT'S NO' WHAT I MEAN, RANDALL.

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THAT'S NO' WHAT I MEAN AT ALL.

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UN EVADE.

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THAT'S ODD.

MM?

WHAT'S THAT KID IN G-WIZ CALLED, THE SORT OF SEMI-TELEPATH...?

AH, *PINWHEEL*, I THINK.

I JUST PICKED UP A TRANSMISSION FROM HIM. GOT CUT OFF STRAIGHT AWAY.

NOW I THINK HE'S GONE INTO A *COMA*...

HUH.

HEY, WHERE ARE G-WIZ, ANYWAY?

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DID YOU *HAVE TO--*

WE DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH SUPERPOWER, PETIT HUGHIE.

AAAH--!

PAS MAINTENANT, JAMAIS.

GODDAMN RIGHT WE DON'T.

THAT MUTHAFUCKA CAN SCREAM, I GUESS THAT MEANS HE CAN TALK, TOO.

LISTEN, I'M REALLY--

NOT NOW.

WHERE THE FUCK DO THE G-MEN COME FROM?

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UH...I...

WHAT?

SILVER KINCAID'S REAL NAME WAS GRACE WILHELM.

SHE GOT STOLEN FROM HER FAMILY WHEN SHE WAS TEN.

SHE WASN'T NO MUTHAFUCKIN' ORPHAN LIKE THE G-MEN ARE S'POSED TO BE, SHE GOT ***STOLEN.*** KNOW HOW I KNOW?

ONE, I TALKED TO HER FATHER. TWO, I LOOKED AT HER VOUGHT FILE AN' I FOUND THE NAME OF A KID'S HOME THEY GOT HER COMIN' FROM, AN' WHEN I CHECKED UP ON THE GODDAMN PLACE IT ***DIDN'T EXIST.***

JUST LIKE THE HOMES IN THE SIX OTHER FILES I OPENED DIDN'T EXIST. FIVE-OH, DIVINE, CRITTER, GROUND HAWK, COLD SNAP AN' FLAMER, THEY AIN'T NO GODDAMN ORPHANS NEITHER.

NOW THAT WAS ALL I HAD TIME FOR 'FORE THEY SHUT ME OUT, BUT IF I LOOKED AT YOUR FILE AN' ALL THE OTHER ASSHOLES' FILES--EXACTLY WHAT THE FUCK WOULD I'VE FOUND?

ALL THAT ORPHAN-OUTCAST-REBEL BULLSHIT: HOW DID THAT COCKSUCKER GODOLKIN ***GET YOU?***

AN' WHAT THE MUTHA***FUCK*** DID HE DO TO YOU, TO MAKE YOU THE WAY YOU ***FUCKIN' ARE...?***

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WHAT IT BOILS DOWN TO, SON:

IS THIS.

YOU TELL US WHAT THE SCORE IS WITH THE G-MEN.

ALL OF IT.

DON'T LEAVE NOTHIN' OUT.

OR HUGHIE HERE'S GONNA CUT YOUR FUCKIN' THROAT.

next: I'LL SAY YOU'RE TOO WELL TO ATTEND...

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